

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. Nov. 10th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. m., and 7.25 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., 2.00 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 4.00 and 7.25 p. m. For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 4.00 and 7.25 p. m. The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 7.25 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 5.20 a. m. train has through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 6.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, and 7.25 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 7.40, 11.30 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 6.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 8.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 3.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOLEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent. *Does not run on Mondays. *Via Morris and Essex R. R.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.

Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.32 P. M., daily. Sunday Mall, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.54 P. M., flag, daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily. Mail, 9.42 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. 5.55 P. M., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 P. M., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.17 A. M., daily (flag). *Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time. J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon as follows:

EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily (flag). Atlantic Express 10.30 P. M., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.35 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.59 P. M. W. M. O. KING Agent.

SURPRISING! JUST OPENED A VARIETY STORE, UP TOWN!

We invite the Citizens of BLOOMFIELD and vicinity, to call and examine our Stock of GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, TIN WARE, A FULL VARIETY OF NOTIONS, etc., etc., etc. All of which are selling at astonishingly LOW PRICES.

Give us a call and SAVE MONEY, as we are almost GIVING THINGS AWAY. Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK,

WEST MAIN STREET

Nov. 19, 78.—4f

The most useful present FOR YOUR WIFE,

Intended wife, mother, or sister, is one of our little Plated and Polished Fluting or Crimping Irons. 4 Irons on one handle and at greatly REDUCED PRICES. King Reversible Fluting Iron, \$3.50. Home Fluting and Crimping Iron, \$2.75. SENT PREPAID on receipt of price.

Hewitt Mfg. Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. O. Box, 868, or 166 Penn Avenue. AN AGENT WANTED IN THIS COUNTY W47.6c

PATENTS

Obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the PATENT LAWS, promptly attended to.

INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED

by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

INVENTORS

send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations free of charge, and advise as to patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

We refer to officials in the Patent Office, to our clients in every State of the Union, and to your Senator and Representative in Congress. Special references given when desired.

Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington.

Wanted to Cure one Case of CATARRH. In each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK PESTER OIL CATARRH REMEDY. One dollar package free to those willing to pay express charges (25c. if received by Adams or Union Ex. Co's.) Address, F. H. BOWEN & Co., 92a. Ag'ts., Pittsburgh, Pa.

You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you; \$12 per day at home made by the industry. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time—Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. * If ly

LADIES AND CHILDREN will find a splendid assortment of shoes at the one price store of F. Mortimer.

A CURIOUS COURTSHIP.

AMONG the girls who read the advertisement of Signor Morgani, was Maggie Barton, and for the fun of the thing she concluded to answer it, and here is what she had replied to:

"Marriage.—The great astrologer, Signor Morgani, will return a correct likeness of your future partner upon receipt of thirty stamps. Name, age, and sex must be given, with a slight description of personal appearance.—Address Signor Morgani, &c., &c."

"And this is your advertisement, Morgani? Ah well!—I suspect your dupes are principally old maids and school girls."

The speaker a handsome young man about five and twenty, threw down the local paper with a merry peal of laughter.

The person addressed, known in the advertising column as Signor Morgani, was no other than a certain plain Tom Morgan, a regular slipshod, careless fellow, who after trying his hand at various trades, and falling in all, had finally hit upon the above mode, which gratified his indolent disposition, by calling forth little exertion save the exercise of that literary ingenuity of which he possessed a large share. He had formerly been a school friend of Jack Carleton's, who, an hour or two before the opening of this story, had fallen in with him on his return from a prolonged Continental tour, undertaken nominally for the benefit of his health, but more possibly to help to get rid of the large income left him by his father.

The young men grasped hands cordially enough when they recognized each other, and soon after adjourned to the lodgings of Morgan to have a talk over old times.

It was during this talk that Morgan confided to his friend his present mode of living, with strict injunctions to keep it a profound secret; "as of course you see, old fellow," he said, "it might prove my ruin if known."

"You were always a good-for nothing scamp, Tom," said Jack. "And you were always a lucky dog, Jack," returned Tom. "By the way, what are you going to do with yourself this Christmas?"

"Why to spend it in jolly style, at the jolliest place in Christendom," replied Jack. "They have not seen me at Barby Holt for eight years, and I expect grandmother and the rest of them will go mad with joy when I make my sudden appearance there."

With this flattering conclusion Mr. Jack Carleton, elevated his legs till his feet reposed on the mantel piece.

"Barby Holt Manor in Nottinghamshire?" inquired the Signor, suddenly. "The very same, old boy," said his companion. "Why do you ask?"

"Only that I had a letter from there to-day," replied Tom. "A letter! what about?" inquired Jack, with innocent coolness.

"Why concerning my advertisement of course," answered Tom, rummaging among some papers. "Ah, one of my grandfather's guests I suppose, in for a lark," said Jack.

"What's his name?" "It is not a man, replied Tom; "she signs herself Maggie Barton."

"Maggie Barton!" exclaimed Jack. "I know her—at least I did. May I read it?" he asked, eagerly.

It was a short letter, in a girlish handwriting, describing herself as tall and slight, with golden hair and hazel eyes, and requesting to be favored with a carte-de-visite of her future husband, by return of post, of course. Enclosed in the envelope was the fee of thirty stamps.

Carleton held the letter up before his eyes long after he had read it. "Morgani, he said suddenly, "will you do me a favor?"

"Anything you like," replied the Signor, in a preoccupied tone. Jack drew an envelope from his pocket and selecting one likeness of himself from about a dozen, he laid it on the table.

"Morgani," said he, "I want you to send this to Miss Barton, in answer to her application, and I mean it shall come true, old boy."

It was Christmas Eve, and Miss Maggie Barton was putting the last touches to her evening toilette for the forthcoming ball.

She dismissed her maid, and, with her pretty head a little on one side, was trying the effect of a scarlet geranium among the ambrosial puffs of hair.

Presently the geranium was settled satisfactorily, and, with a quick movement, Maggie fastened the door, and drew from beneath a book cover a carte-de-visite; and the gentleman on the card was Mr. Jack Carleton. But, of course, Maggie did not know this.

"So this is my future husband, according to the astrologer," said Miss Barton. "The gipsy woman said I should marry a curate. Pshaw! What an idiot I am to have written such a fool's letter. I dare say I am duped along with many others. I wish I had not written. It is a good thing none of the

girls know it. Of course, I am a dupe, and I suppose the very existence of this piece of elegance is a myth. More fool I!"

With another look, she placed it between the pages of the book, and hastened down.

There were merry doings at Barby Holt that night. Squire Martin Barby, of grandfather Barby, as the young people, children of his many sons and daughters, always called the old gentleman, and Lady Ursula, his highbred, genial dame, always gathered a large circle around them at Christmas.

And where could you spend a jollier Christmas than at the Manor?—and who could make such mince pies and turkey stuffing as grandmother's old housekeeper at Barby?

The dancing was at its height; the holly and ivy quivered on the panels, and the oak floor was becoming more and more slippery; when unannounced and with a powdering of snow on his cloak, a tall figure rushed among the dancers, seized the Squire's hand and wrung it violently, fell on Dame Ursula's neck and gave her a hearty kiss before any one had time to think what the disturbance could be about.

But the Squire's eyes were keen, and after the first moment he returned the grasp with a hearty "God bless you, my boy, welcome home!" and "welcome to Barby, grandson," said the kindly voice of Dame Ursula, albeit some tears of joy shone in her soft eyes.

"Cousin Jack! Cousin Jack!" came from twenty mouths, and the favorite grandson threw aside his cloak, and flung away his hat, to shake hands with all the aunts and uncles, and many of the guests who remembered him.

And one of these guests, seated under the holly decorations of a great oak panel, leant her white, terror stricken face against the wood work, and pressed the slender gloved hand against a heart-beating strangely fast.

"What can it mean?" she thought. "Why am I so struck at the appearance of an utter stranger?"

And yet it was not a stranger. The face of the favored grandson was the one whose image lay between the leaves of the book upstairs. Ah, Maggie, it is dangerous to have dealings with astrologers. Here was the girl, who had answered a mysterious advertisement for mere fun's sake, astonished and terrified beyond measure at what seemed the sudden realization of the astrologer's mute prophecy.

"What is the name of that young lady standing near the fire place and talking to my grandmother?" he asked as soon as he got a chance. "That's Miss Barton!"

Jack worked his way dexterously round the room, and by the time he was within ear shot of the young lady there was a cry to put out the light for snap-dragons; and while they went out with a whiff, a sharp spring placed him at her side.

"Miss Barton—Maggie—how do you do?"

There was a little glow of the fire, just enough for him to see the shiver his words caused. She raised her dark eyes with a shade of displeasure overcoming her fear; but of course he could not see that, and he continued to murmur unintelligible nothings till, in common politeness, she was bound to murmur unintelligible nothings back again.

A few more sentences, and then, while the rest were pressing round the burning dish, Jack made a bold stroke.

"Do you know you owe me a kiss, Miss Barton?"

This in allusion to some old wager of their youth. The experience of the last few hours had already reduced her to a state of mute resignation. Nothing he could say would astonish her now, so to this remarkable question she only answered: "Do I?"

"Do you?" why yes, Maggie. Don't you remember Jack Carleton?"

"Are you—Jack Carleton?" came from lips that were returning to their natural color.

"Yes, indeed!" he replied. "Am I so much altered?"—Perfect astonishment and silence. "And you owe me a kiss," Jack continued; "you remember that, don't you, Maggie?" "I'm going to have it now."

"Quick as thought an impromptu kiss was taken in the dark.

"Well, by degrees Miss Barton became more reconciled to the existing state of things; so by the time the blue flame waxed dim, and the raisins were all consumed, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Carleton to place her hand upon his arm and march her off to a quiet corridor for a chat.

What can't be cured must be endured. Here was this young gentleman—a stranger for years—taking the most complete possession of her, and all the time his likeness in the book upstairs as that of her future husband; so of

course, when after about two golden hours, spent in each other's society, he requested the honor of her hand, what could she say but "yes;"—for was it not her fate as told by the stars by a wonderful astrologer! Of course she said yes.

Then they joined in the festivity as if nothing had happened out of the common.

He never had occasion to repent his action, for Maggie was the tenderest and sweetest of wives. But her secret she never told to her husband.

The Wrong Tools.

"FELLER—citizens," said he, "I'm a hard-fisted son of toll. I'm a brick-layer by trade, and not a bit ashamed of it. No, sir: I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth or cradled in the lap of luxury. I'm a self-made man, gentlemen."

"You'd better have let out the job," remarked a voice in the rear of the ball.

He scorned to notice the interruption, but proceeded.

"Yes, feller-citizens, I'm proud of having risen by honest industry, proud of appearin' to solicit your suffrage as a true representative of labor; as one which has contributed to build up this community by the sweat of his brow, and the work of his hands. [Applause.] As I was saying, I'm a brick-layer by trade. I've worked to raise more than half the palatial mansions, magnificent commercial structures, and heaven pointing spires which beautify and adorn our town. [Great enthusiasm.] And here, right here, gentlemen, are the identical tools with which I have carved out my way to prosperity."

Here the orator examined a trowel and hammer, amid deafening plaudits.

"Pass 'em this way," said an excited listener, evidently belonging to the working class; "let me gaze unto them relics."

The tools were handed to him, and he scrutinized them with a deep interest.

"You say you work as a brick-layer?" said he, turning sharply to the orator.

"And with them tools?" "Yes, sir; those are the very tools I bought when I made my first start as a journeyman. To them I owe all my prosperity."

"Well, then, I must say you deserve great credit. So does any man that could lay bricks with such weapons."

"Gentlemen," turning to the audience, "just look at 'em. It's a gardener's trowel, and a carpenter's hammer!"

An Unwilling Juror.

ONCE heard this anecdote of Judge Parsons, said the Rev. James Freeman Clark, the great Massachusetts advocate and lawyer. It is said that, being about to try a mercantile case, he ordered a jury to be summoned, and among the names was that of Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, the leading merchant of Boston in that day, and a personal friend of Judge Parsons. When the officer made the return, he laid down a fifty dollar bill before the judge.

"What is that?" said Parsons.

"Col. Perkins says he is very busy indeed, to-day, and prefers to pay his fine."

"Take that back to Col. Perkins," the judge said; "and tell him to come here, at once, and if he refuses, bring him by force."

When Col. Perkins appeared, the judge looked sternly at him, and said:

"What do you mean, sir, by sending money when you were summoned to sit on this jury?"

Col. Perkins replied: "I meant no disrespect to the court, your honor; but I was extremely busy fitting out a ship for the East Indies, and I thought if I paid my fine I might be excused."

"Fitting out a ship for the East Indies, sir!" shouted the judge; "and how happens it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies?"

"Your honor, I do not understand you."

"I repeat, then, my question, how is it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies? If you do not know, I will tell you. It is because the laws of your country are properly administered. If they were not, you would have no ships. Take your seat, sir, with the jury."

Macaulay on Sunday.

"Man! man! this is the great creator of wealth. The difference between the soil of Campania and Spitzbergen is insignificant compared with the difference presented by two countries, the one inhabited by men full of moral and physical vigor, the other by beings plunged in an intellectual decrepitude. Hence it is that we are not impoverished, but on the contrary enriched by this seventh day, which we have for so many years devoted to rest. This day is not

lost. While the machinery is stopped, while the car rests on the road, while the treasury is silent, while the smoke ceases to rise from the chimney of the factory, the nation enriches itself none the less than during the working days of the week. Man, the machine of all machines, the one by the side of which all the inventions of the Wattases and the Arkwrights are as nothing, is recuperating and gaining strength so well, that on Monday he returns to his work with his mind clearer, with more courage for his work, and with renewed vigor. I will never believe that that which render a people stronger, wiser and better, can ever turn to its impoverishment.

The Foolish Traveler.

"I should like very much to hear a story," said a youth to his teacher. "I hate serious instruction; I cannot bear preaching."

"Listen, then," said the teacher. A wanderer filled his traveling pouch with savory meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wild desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling, fertile fields. Instead of plucking the fruits which nature offered for the refreshment of the traveler, he found it more convenient to eat of the provisions which he carried with him. He soon reached the desert. After journeying onward for a few days his whole store of food was exhausted. He began to wail and lament, for nowhere sprouted a blade of grass, everything was covered with burning sand. After suffering for two days in torments of hunger and thirst he expired."

"It was foolish in him," said the youth, "to forget that he had to cross the deserts."

"Do you act more wisely?" asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. "You are setting forth on the journey of life, a journey that leads to eternity. Now is the time when you should seek after knowledge and collect the treasures of wisdom, but the labor affrights you, and you prefer to trifle away the spring time of your years amid useless and childish pleasures. Continue to act thus and you will yet, upon the journey of life, when wisdom and virtue fall you, fare like that hapless wanderer."

"Do you act more wisely?" This is the meaning of the parable to the reader.

An Honest Legal Opinion.

AN HONEST farmer once called upon the late Roger M. Sherman, the celebrated lawyer, and told him that he wanted an opinion. He had heard a great deal about the value of Mr. Sherman's opinions, and how a great many people went to him to get an opinion; and John, though he never had had, nor was likely to have, a law-suit or other difficulty for a lawyer to help him from, thought he would have an "opinion" too.

"Well, John, what can I do for you?" said Mr. S., when John, in his turn, was shown into his room.

"Why, lawyer," replied John, "I happened to be in town, and having nothing to do, I thought I would come and get your opinion."

"State your case, John. What's the matter?"

"Oh! nothing. I aint got no law-suit; I only want to get one of your opinions: they say they're very valuable."

"But, John—about what?"

"Oh! any thing, sir; take your pick, and choose!"

Mr. Sherman, seeing the notions of his client on the matter in hand, took pen, and writing a few words, folded them up and handed them to John, who carefully placed the paper in his pocket.

"What's to pay, sir?"

"Four and sixpence, yankee money—75 cents."

When John returned home the next morning, he found his wife, who pretty much took the lead in his business matters, anxiously discussing with his chief farm-servant, the propriety of getting in a large quantity of oats on that day, which had been cut the one previous, or of undertaking some other labor.

John was appealed to, to settle the question; but he could not decide. At length, said he: "I'll tell you what, Polly, I've been to a lawyer, and got an opinion that cost me four and sixpence. There it is—read her out; it's a lawyer's writing, and I can't make head or tail of it!"

John, by the way, could not read the plainest print; but Polly, who was something of a scholar, opened the paper, and read as follows—"Never put off till to-morrow, what can be done to-day."

"Enough said!" cried John; "them oats must be got in." And they were "got in;" and the same night such a storm came on, as otherwise would have ruined them entirely.

John often afterwards consulted this opinion, and acted upon it; and to this day entertains a high estimate of lawyer's opinions generally, and of the lamented Mr. Sherman's in particular.